

NEAL of the NAVY

By William Hamilton Osborne,
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"CATSPAW," "BLUE DUCKLE," ETC.
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SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee, John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues five-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assisted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to find papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinibar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mindless brute that once was Ilington, come to Seaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Ilington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the treachery of Joe Wheeler is defeated by Joey and disgraced. Neal enlists in the navy. Inez sets a trap for Joe and the conspirators get him in their power. Annette discovers that heat applied to the map reveals the location of the lost island. Subsequently in a struggle for its possession the map is torn in three parts. Hernandez, Annette and Neal each securing a portion. Annette sails on the Coronado in search of her father. The crew mutiny, and are overcome by a boarding party from U. S. Destroyer Jackdaw, led by Neal. In Martinique Annette and Neal are captured and taken to a smuggler's cave to be blown up with dynamite, but are rescued by a sponge diver, Inez, whose identification papers for herself as Annette. In an insurrection Neal and Annette are again captured and taken to the Sun City and Annette is offered as a sacrifice to the sun god. They are rescued by marines from the Albany.

NINTH INSTALLMENT

THE YELLOW PERIL

CHAPTER XL.

The Pests of Tortuga.

The commander of the Albany lowered his glasses. He beckoned to Neal Hardin, a gunner on his ship. Neal answered the summons and assented.

"You may inform your friend Miss Ilington and her party that in half an hour they will be set ashore at Tortuga," he directed.

Neal started off. "One moment," added the commander. "Tell Miss Ilington that I'd like to speak to her."

Neal found Annette and delivered the message—and in a moment Annette was at the commander's side.

"Miss Ilington," said the commander, "without intruding, may I ask the purpose of your extensive peregrination?"

"Peregrination describes it," said Annette laughing, "and you may." She glanced about her—even there—a bit stealthily, and produced her chamomile bag, and from it took the map—the old time-worn, tattered parchment map of the Lost Isle of Cinibar. The commander glanced at it with interest.

"Hum," he said at length, "no longitude, no latitude."

Annette smiled. "Heat brings out the hidden inscription," she returned, "the latitude is there but you can't



Annette Ministers to the Sick.

"see it—so is the longitude. I know it by heart—18 degrees 30 minutes north and 123 degrees 40 minutes west—and there, somehow, I hope to meet my father—and find his quicksilver mines."

"Pacific ocean," mused the commander, "off Mexico, Central America—South America—but not far off. There's something in my mind about that locality—what is it? I've heard talk about it somewhere. Something—I can't recall."

He returned the map. "What I desired to say, Miss Ilington," he went on, "is this—if I had my way I'd take you there. But the United States navy has other duties to perform. Yonder is Tortuga. We'll see you safe ashore—and if we find the shore isn't safe, we'll see you safe ashore some other place. I am expecting orders daily, to return. Glad to have been of service."

An hour later Annette and her party disembarked from one of the Albany's launches.

CONDENSATIONS

An English woman married to a German takes her husband's nationality.

Chelmsford Church, in the Derbyshire peak, is the highest church in England.

It is regarded as a death warning in some parts of Germany to hear a cricket's cry.

Norfolk has more churches in proportion to its population than any other English county.

NOTICE.

All people are hereby warned that yellow fever is carried by mosquitoes. Avoid being bitten if you can and kill all the mosquitoes you find.

RAMON CARROL, Mayor.
In co-operation with U. S. S. Albany.

"Gunner," he said to Neal, "you're on shore leave, I know. But I'd be glad if you'd buckle up and tack these up in town. I'll go back to the ship and get my squad and a few supplies. Until then good-by."

That afternoon Ramon Carrol, the mayor of Tortuga, stood, now clad in his official uniform, in the middle of his doorway, surrounded by a clamoring mob.

"See, now, my people," he exclaimed, "there is no cause for alarm. See what I am doing for you—what other mayor has done so much? Note the magnificent cruiser—of the United States—the Albany—I have sent for it—it has come—at my request. Up on that cruiser are the most wonderful specialists in the world—they are among you—see, yonder—see their white coats—here, there, everywhere. Out of my private fortune (which is vast, my children) out of my private fortune I am paying all these specialists."

"When does the next train go?" demanded Hernandez.

The official yawned. "When she returns from Tortuga, the post-lieutenant—possibly tomorrow afternoon."

Hernandez stamped his foot impatiently.

Hours later from a clump of trees on the outskirts of Tortuga Hernandez, Ponto and Brute peered across the bay.

Suddenly Hernandez clutched Ponto by the arm. "Look," he cried, "they come."

Through the opening in the leaves he pointed toward the wharf. Annette and her little coterie were landing on the wharf.

"Ponto," said Hernandez, "that little wildcat of a girl—she and her smooth-faced sweetheart—they have tricked us long enough. This time they shall not get away."

The surgeon snorted. "Excuse me for a moment," he exclaimed. He darted down the street and caught a young woman by the arm just as she was entering an adobe hut.

The young woman was Annette Ilington.

"You young renegade," he cried, sternly, "I thought I told you to keep away—hands off—you'll kill yourself."

From inside there came a low moaning sound—a wail.

Annette broke away from the surgeon's grasp. "Gee whizz," he said, "you're strong."

The wall inside turned to speech—quavering Spanish—

"Little white angel," cried the voice, "come, little white angel—and lay your hands on me. Come quick, before I die."

CHAPTER XLII.

Pernicious Plots.

It was after dark. Out of a clump of trees upon a hill there snatched forth a man—this man was Ponto. He picked his way carefully—warily. Before he knew it he was where he wanted not to be—in the streets of the town. Once in, he started out, but something attracted his attention.

A little crowd of men and women stood about a placard tacked upon the side of a hut. Ponto read it swiftly.

Ponto raised his eyebrows significantly. He had heard rumors—this confirmed them.

"Mosquitoes," he said softly to himself, "mosquitoes." He tucked the word mosquitoes back in the inmost recesses of his mind and went his way. Skirting the town he reached the Inn of the Spanish Don. From the rear he spied a figure in a window.

A woman in the window started slightly, and peered out.

Ponto clambered up to the window and noiselessly tore the net from it, immediately replacing it as best he might. He sniffed the air.

"Ah," whispered Inez Castro softly, "I am smeared with crude oil—face and hands and ankles. I am immune. Here, you smear also, Ponto."

"Where," queried Ponto, "is the may?"

"So far as I determine," answered Inez, "she has it still."

"You cannot get it?"

"Not unless I show my hand," said Inez.

Ponto shook his head. "Not," he returned, "until the chief says the word. What of mine host?" he queried.

"A blood-sucker," answered Inez; he'll do anything for coin."

"Summon him," said Ponto.

The proprietor was summoned. At the door, at sight of Ponto he started back in surprise. But Ponto held his finger on his lips, and exhibited a multitude of coins in the open palm of his hand. The proprietor advanced and quickly appropriated the coin.

"More later," whispered Ponto, "sit down—confer with us."

An hour later Ponto—a black patch on the background of black night itself—stealthily pushed open the door of a hut in the middle of a clump of small trees on a hill.

A man inside, waking suddenly, as suddenly sprang up, knife in hand.

"Softly, captain," whispered Ponto, "it is I."

The two men struck a light and sat down facing each other.

Ponto spoke in measured tones—every word that he uttered from now on contained portent. He knew what he was about. In the back of his head he had an idea—baleful but useful.

"Yes," he said, "the mosquitoes carry the pestilence. One might call it the mosquito sickness just as well. And at dusk, then is their time—then they bite the worst."

"Go on," commanded Hernandez, grimly. He felt that Ponto was holding something back.

"Some of us can even get pleasure out of our troubles by telling them to other people."

You may be able to keep the wolf from the door, but the mosquitoes are pretty sure to get in."

Those people are mighty lucky whose family jars are all kept in the pantry."

A little push is worth more in the end than a political pull."

Life is monotonous only to the man who has not bad habits."

It is Captain's business to see that a man and his wife are won."



"Little White Angel," Whined the Native.

"The little white angel," went on Ponto as though reciting a lesson.

"Eh," cried Hernandez.

"Our young friend of the map—that is what they call her—everywhere. The little white angel. She goes about from hut to hut—from fever-stricken patient to fever-stricken patient—yet she survives. But she will answer any call."

He leaned forward. "You understand, captain," he said, "she will answer any call. Let sickness call to her, she goes."

"Ah," said Hernandez, "that is well. And the gunner—where is he?"

"Everywhere—he, too, will answer any call."

"Um," said Hernandez, "go on—go on."

Ponto's eyes gleamed. "Ah," he said, "one mile out of town—and through this clump of bushes where we sit—down in yonder hollow—"

"Go on," commanded Hernandez, "what lies down in the hollow by this hill?"

Ponto shaded his mouth with his hand. "Whisper," he returned, "whisper. No one—not even he—shall hear."

For a moment he whispered into the ear of Hernandez. When he had finished Hernandez rose to his feet—with glittering eyes.

"It's here," he said, "in his turn tapping his forehead. 'I have it. By heaven, this time they shall not get away.'"

CHAPTER XLIII.

Perilous Places.

Ten days later Annette Ilington, now called the little white angel even by the shore squad from the cruiser, felt her skirts plucked by a clutching hand. She looked down. A native—a mere bag of bones in a jumble of rags—crouched at her feet.

"Little white angel," whined the native in Spanish—and Annette had learned enough of the tongue to listen to appeals for help—"my daughter—just like you—so kind, and pretty. She lies at death's door. You have food, you have medicine—and you can lay your hand on her. She will get well. What you have done for others you can do for her."

An officer from the Albany turned the corner. Annette's heart leaped. The man was Neal Hardin.

"Neal," she cried, "listen to him—talk to him for me. Ask him where his daughter is—I'll go unless it's too far."

Neal spoke to the man in his native language. The man jabbered back eloquently.

"Only a short distance out of town," said Neal, "over that hill."

"I'll go," said Annette.

Neal pondered for a moment. "All right," he said, "and I'm free just now. I'll go with you."

The native leaped to his feet with alacrity and ran crookedly ahead of them. Outside of the town they plunged into undergrowth and then through woods—but the ground was dry and the trail was fairly good.

At the door of a hut the native paused and motioned them in.

Neal and Annette entered aside by side. In a dark corner was a huddled shape under a filthy cloth. Instantly Annette dropped to the ground and clutched Neal's ankles tightly in each hand. At the same instant the huddled figure in the corner leaped to his feet—it was no stricken girl—it was Hernandez, with the light of triumph in his eyes. And at the same instant Ponto and the brute sprang into the fray.

It was only a matter of a moment before Annette and Neal found themselves bound and lying on the floor.

Neal, after a few gasps for breath, smiled at Annette forlornly.

Hernandez stamped his foot. "I will give you two minutes to produce the map of Lost Isle," he said, "and if it is not then forthcoming."

He paused. "Go on," said Neal, "what then?"

At the end of two minutes he thrust his watch back into his pocket. He signed to Ponto. "The helmets," he commanded, "and the gloves."

Ponto produced two sets of crudely-fashioned head nets and hand gloves made of mosquito netting. Inez had told him how to make them. Hernandez donned one set and Ponto donned the other.

Neal and Annette, each with a guard of two behind, were forced to leave the hut, and forced down the trail on the farther side of the small hill.

After fifteen minutes' walk they halted. Ponto spoke sharply to the native who was with them.

"Lead on," he commanded; "you know the way."

"Ah," said the native, "I might have beside. Be careful now."

Ponto turned to Hernandez. "This," he said, "is the cause of all the pestilence—this is the quagmire at the bottom of our hill—mosquito swamp—"

"There are not so many mosquitoes here," returned Hernandez, "not enough to hurt."

The native grinned. "Not now—but at night—at night they are legion—they are fleas, foul fleas. And they breed pestilence. On. Follow me."

Back at the Inn of the Spanish Don Neal Hardin's mother began to grow rosy—Annette had not returned—Neal was nowhere to be seen. Once the surgeon stepped in and inquired for Neal. After that Mrs. Hardin made inquiries of her own. No one knew where he was—no one had seen the little white angel.

Out in the swamp Neal and Annette were conducted to a small, swampy islet, green with dark growth—upon which there was barely foothold.

"This," said the native to Hernandez, "is the place of which I told. From this there is no escape."

Hernandez bowed. "You have chosen pests and pestilence, my friends," he said. "Good-night, and pleasant dreams. Now take us back."

Back at the hut, the native was bowing low. Hernandez poured much coin into his hand. "And mind," said Hernandez, "close mouth for two days at any rate, you dog."

In one way he was close-mouthed. In another way he . . . well, he started for the nearest tavern, and bent his elbow with great frequency and every time he bent his elbow he opened his mouth—and to some purpose . . . and show his money. And then, to prove he was an honest man and no thief, like others there, he began to tell just how he had become so very, very rich in such a short space of time . . . they listened to him open mouthed. Among them were men, sober men, whose families had been ministered to by the angel sent from heaven—a little white angel. One of these men suddenly sprang to his feet and grabbed the boaster by the scruff of the neck—and, notwithstanding struggles, carried him, pell-mell, from the wine shop.

Back in the Inn of the Spanish Don, the proprietor was protesting that he had not seen Gunner Neal—had not learned of the whereabouts of the little white angel—Senorita Annette Ilington. A dozen bluejackets were on hand—the surgeon was there. Mrs. Hardin, wild-eyed in the glare of the smoky lamps, was sobbing hysterically. Inez looked on calmly. Suddenly into the midst of this company was propelled an intoxicated native—a bag

of bones clad in a jumble of rags. Another native pounced upon him and shook him like a terrier shakes a rat. "This man, senior," said the sober native, "curses on him—he knows where the little white angel is. Come, he will guide us there. Tell them, you dog."

The dog told. He didn't want to, but neither did he like the prick of bayonets through his hide—so he told, and then he led the way. By the time they had reached the outskirts of the town, the whole town was with them.

Hernandez, in his hut, heard the commotion. He knew in his bones what it was. "Come on," he cried to Ponto, "we're going back into that swamp—I swore they should not get away—you swore it, too."

"How will we get there," shivered Ponto.

"The brute is a brute," said Hernandez, "where he has been once, he can always find the way. Come. Lead on—lead on."

The brute, under the usual stimulus of cuffs and blows, led on. Ponto followed. At the edge of the swamp, Hernandez, with a wicked smile, dropped silently to one side and crawled behind a clump of bushes.

Out on that fateful islet in the center of the quagmire, Neal, his eyes heavy lidded with sleep, was holding Annette in his arms. She was oblivious. Suddenly he woke her up and sprang to his feet, drawing her with him.

"Someone comes," he whispered. No sooner had he said it than the brute was upon them. He seized Neal as in a vise. But Neal—a trickster in a wrestling match—wriggled out of his grasp. He seized a heavy stick and lunged at the brute. The brute engaged him once again. Ponto tore the stick away from Neal, and whirling it about his head, brought it down with a resounding crack upon Neal's head.

Neal dropped like a log.

Ponto, knowing the reason for haste, turned and looked about him. He was puzzled by Hernandez' absence, but this was no time to wonder. He drew a knife and started toward Annette.

"This time," he cried, "you shall not get away."

Annette ran, crookedly, hysterically, across the small islet. In another instant she was waist deep in the quagmire, and still sinking. Ponto from terra firma, lunged at her with his knife—but his lunge fell short. Annette struggled away—tried to reach some place of safety. But her way was blocked by a waterlogged piece of wood. Against this she rested, wide-eyed, watching Ponto's efforts—sinking, sinking all the time.

For the first time she screamed. The brute, busy with Neal who lay upon the ground, heard her and swung around. He saw what was happening. Ponto had raised his knife on high. Failing to strike—he was about to hurt it at the girl—and Ponto's aim was perfect.

" . . . never get away," snarled Ponto. At that instant the brute seized a heavy stone in his hand, and

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TIME'S RAPID FLIGHT

FASHION'S CHANGES FOLLOW IN QUICK SUCCESSION

Ample Evidence That We Are All of Us Very Transitory and of Little Real Importance in the World.

The pictures of women's fashions of twenty years ago look as quaint to us today as the fashions of a like period of time prior thereto probably looked a score of years ago, and as odd and queer as the fashions of a similar length of time before that doubtless seemed to the observer of two-score years ago, and so on. At almost any date the modes of a decade or two previous appear more or less ridiculous, and this was probably so all the way down the corridors of time clear to Eve, when, there being no fashions to look back to, there was, of course, nothing queer about them.

In the days of tight skirts we looked back with amusement to the days of hoops and crinolines. When hangs were in vogue we smiled at the recollection of the chignon and waterfall, just as the days of the straight front found the recollection of the Grecian bend highly diverting. At any date, from the present back to the time of God's Ladies' Book, one could pick up a fashion publication of a few years before and enjoy a hearty laugh.

And so it will doubtless ever be; the correct thing of yesterday is the laughing-stock of today, and the modes of the present will be either humorous or pathetic, according to how you look at them, a few years hence.

And it is not alone in the matter of woman's garments that this rule holds good. The cabinet organ, once supposed to be a musical instrument; the Populists, thirty years ago supposed of being a political party; the silver-tongued statesmen of yore, with their tremendous pomposity and appalling emptiness; "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Ten Nights in a Barroom," once venerated as vehicles carrying messages of vital import; all are now the subjects of jests by the light-minded.

The elocutionist, the dodo, the torch-light parade, the blue-grass cure, spirit-rappings, the original Swiss Bell Ringers, madstones, croquet and very many more once held the center of the stage, but having served well or ill their predestined purposes, are gone forever. The world does move—Judge.</